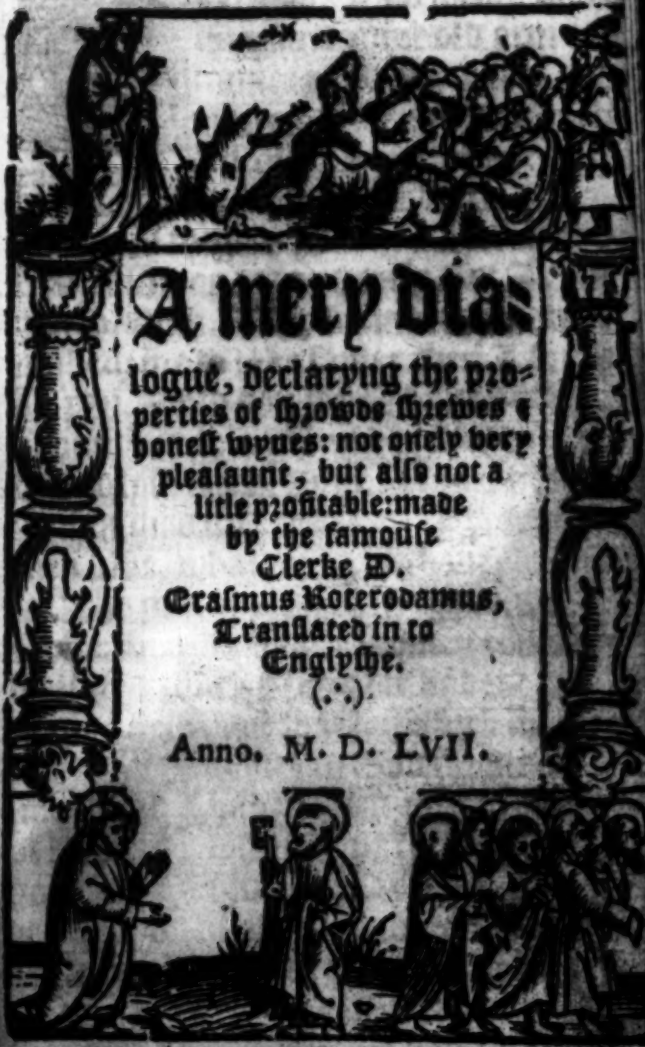

A mery dia-

logue, declaryng the pro-
perties of shrowde shrewes &
honest wyues: not onely very
pleasaunt, but also not a
litle profitable: made
by the famouse
Clerke D.
Erasmus Roterodamus,
Translated in to
Englyshe.

(.˙.)

Anno. M. D. LVII.

459-127

A merry dia-

logue, declaryng the pro-
perties of diuerse sortes &
kyndes of women: not onely very
pleasaunt, but also very
lyke prophytable
vnto the
Diuerse.

Translated into
English.

Anno. M. D. LVII.

Eulalya. God spede, and a thousand mine old acquaintaunce ranlippa. ranti. As many againe, my dere harte Eulalia. My seme is ye are waxen muche fayre now of late. Eula. Say you so, gene you me a mocke at ỳ first bath. ran. Nay verely, but I take you so. Eula. Happely my new gowne maketh me to loke fayrer then I should do. ran. Doth you say, I haue not sene a minioner this many dayes. I reken it Englyth cloth. Eula. It is Englyth stuffe & died in Uenis. ran. It is softer then silke, what an Orient purple here is? Who gaue you so riche a gift. Eula. Howe shoulde honest women come by their gere, but by their husbãdes. ran. Happy arte thou that hath such an husband, but I would to God for his passion, that I had maried an husbandman of clowtes, when I maryed Coll my good man. Eula. Why say ye so, I pray you are you at oddes now. ran. I shall neuer be at one with him, ye se how he

gerly I go. I haue not an hole smocke to put on my backe, and he is well contente withall. I pray God I neuer come in heauen, and I be not ashamed oftymes to shewe my head, when I see other wyues how net and tryim they go that are matched with farre poorer men then he is. Eula. The apparell of honest wyues is not in the pray of the body, nor in the tyrementes of their head, as saint Peter the Apostle teacheth vs (and that I learned a late at a Sermon) but in good lyuyng and honeste conuersacion and in the ornamentes of the soule, the commen quienes are painted vp, to please many mennes eyes. We ar trimme ynough if we please our husbandes only. Xan. But yet my good man so euell willyng to bestowe ought vpon his wyfe, maketh good cheere, fetcheth out of the doores that he had with me no small porte of wyne. Eulalia. Where vpon Xantippa. wherefore lyketh he best, at the tauerne, at the stewes, and at the dyce. Eulalia.

Peace

peace, saye not so. Fan. Well yet thus it is, the whan he commeth home to me at myd nyght, long watched for, he lyeth towtyng lyke a sloyne all the leue longe nyght, yea and nowe and then he all bespewoth his bed, and wooſe then I will say at this tyme. Eula. Peace, thou dishonestest thy selfe, when thou doest dishonest thy husbande. Fantip. The deuyll take me bodye and bones, but I had leuer lye by a sowe with pygges, then with sutche a bedfelowe. Eula lin. Dost thou not then take hym vp, wel fauoredly for stumblyng. Fantip. As he deserueth I spare no togue. Eu. What doeth he the. Fantip. At the first broche he toke me vp vengeably, trusſyng that he should haue shaken me of and put me to silence with his rebbid woordes. Eula. Came neuer youre hoke woordes vnto handstrokes. Fantip. On a tyme we fell so farre at woordes, that we were almost by the eares together. Eula. What say you woman. Fan. He toke vp a staffe wandryng at me, as the deuyll

had bene on hym, ready to laye me on the bones. Eula. Were thou not readye to rone in at the bench hole. Pan. Nay mary I warrant the. I gat me a three foted stoole in hande, & he had but onys layde his lytell fynger on me, he should not haue founde me lame. I would haue holden his nose to the grindstone. Eulalia. A newe founde chylde, ye wēted youre dystaffe to haue made you a speare. Xantippa. And he should not greatly a laughed at his parte. Eula. Ah my friende Xantippa, that way is neyther good nor Godly. Xantippa. What is neyther good nor Godly? If he wyll not vse me as his wyfe, I wyll not take hym for my husbande. Eulalya. But Paule sayeth that wyues should bee boner and buxume vnto their husbandes with all humylitie, and Peter also bryngeth vs an example of Sara, that called her husbande Abraham, Lorde. Xantippa. I answre that as wel as you, thē the same Paule sayeth that mē should loue their wyues,

as Thisbe found his spouse there behinde
lette hym do his dutie. I trouble not
Eula. But for all that, when the mat-
ter is so harde that I must forbeare
the other, it is reason that the woman
geve place vnto the man. Fantippa. Is
he mete to be called my husbande, that
maketh me his vnderlyng, and dis-
uelle Eula. But tel me dame Fantippa,
would he neuer offre the stryppes after
Fantippe. Not a stryppe, and therfore he
was the wyser man, for and he had, he
should haue repented euery payne in
his harte. Eula ya. But thou offeredst
hym fowle wordes plenty. Fantip. And
will do. Eula. What doeth he the meane
season. Fan. What doeth he, sometyme
he catcheth an hongrie ake, sometime
he doeth nothyng but stande laughe
at me, otherwyle taketh his lute,
whereon is scarsly three stringes, lat-
ting on that as falce as he maye dryue,
because he would not heare me. Eula.
Doeth that greue the Fantippa. Too
beyonde bonde, many a tyme I haue

marche and so holde my hande. Eula. Neyghboure Eantippa, shulde thou geue me leaue to be playne with the? Eantippa. Good leaue haue you. Eula. Be as bolde as ye wyll, agayne our olde acquaintaunce and amitie, cum from our childhode, wolde it shulde be so. Eantippa. Truely you saye, there was neuer woman wyse that fauoured more. Eula. Whatsoeuer thy husbande be, marche well with him, chaunge thou canst not. In the olde lawe, where the deuell haue cald a bodye betweene the man and the wyfe, at the worste waye they myghte be deuorsed, but nowe that remedye is past, euen tyll death depart you, he shall nedes be thy husbande, and thou his wyfe, Eua. It more then tyme that we that haue lost our liberte from vs. Eula. Why Eleanor what wylte thou saye? it was chaucers text. Eua. I can euel beleue that, Eula. Let vs one other wyse, now it is beste that eyther of you one be vng wyth an other, to labour to kepe a rest and peace. Eantippa. Why

eah I forgeue him a newe Eu. It lyeth greatt parte in the wome, for the ge
dolnge of theyr husbandes, can ye en
dure thou a merry life wit thym? Eula.
yes ye at is well ran. Ergo ther was
for wyat to do at your fyrste meetyng.
Eula. Neuer no greate busynes, but
yet as it happeneth nowe and than be
twene man & woman, there passe foule
clowdes aloft, that myght haue made
a storme but that they were ouer blo
wen, wyth good humanytie and wyse
handlynge. Euery man hath hys ma
ner and euery ma hath his seueral ap
tyte or mynde, and thynkes hys aboue
all ye best, & yf we lyue not to lye there li
ueth no ma wythout faulte, which yf a
nye where elles, yours in wedlocke they
ought to know and not vtterly hated,
can you say well. Eulalya. It happe
neth many times that loue dales betw
eeth betwene man and wife, before the
one be perfytly knowē vnto the other
beware of that ye anye wyse, for when
anye yre is ones begon, loue is but ba-

ryle

rely rehersed ageyne, Damelye, yf the
mater growe further vnto bytter spee-
kes, & shamefull rayinges lyck thinges
as are fastened with glewe, yf a man
wyll all to shake them straynght waye
whyle the glewe is warme, they soone
fal in peces, but after ỹ glewe is ones
dryed vp they cleue togither so fast as
any thyng, wherefore at the beginning
a meanes must be made, ỹ loue maye
encrease and be made sure betweene ỹ
man & the wife & that is beste brought
about by gentilnesse and fayre condi-
cyons, for the loue that beautie owtlie
raueth, is in a maner but a chery fai-
re. ran. But I praye you hartelye tell
me, by what pollycy ye brought youre
good man to folow your dawnce. Ely-
la. I wyll tell you on this condycion,
that ye wyll folowe me. ran. yf I can
Ely. It is as easy as water yf ye can
fynd in youre hart to do it, nor yet no
good time past for he is a yong mã &
you are but a girle of age, & I trowe
it is not a yeare full sythe ye were maried.
ran.

Xan. All this is true. Eula. I wyl shewe
you then. But you must kepe it secret
Xanth. With a ryght good wyl. Eula.
This was my chefe care, to kepe me
alwayes in my husbandes fauoure,
that there should nothyng angre hym
I obserued his appetite and pleasure,
I marked the tymes bothe when he
would be pleased and when he would
be all byshrewed, as they that tame
Elephantes and Lyons or suche bea-
stes that can not be wõne by strength
Xanthippa. Suche a beaste haue I at
home, Eula. Thei that goeth vnto the
Elephantes weare no white garmen-
tes, nor they that tame wylde bulles,
weare no blasynge roddes, for experyn-
ence teacheth, that suche beastes be
madde with those colours, lyke as the
Tygers by the sounde of tumbrels be
made so wode, that they plucke them
self in peces. Also thei þ breake horses
hate theyr ternnes and theyr soundes,
theyr hadlynges, and other knackes
to breake theyre wyldnes, wythall.
Eu. Now

Howe much more then is it otre duē-
tyes that we wymes to vse suche craf-
tes towarde our husbādes with whom
all our lyfe tyme wil we, nil we is one
house, and one bed. pātip. Furth with
your tale Eula, whē I had ones mar-
ked thze thynges. I aplyed my selfe
vnto hym, well ware not to displease
him. pantip. Howe could thou do that
Eulalya. Fyrste in the ouerseynge my
housheulde, wherch is the very chaū-
ge and cure of wymes, I wayted euer,
not onely gpuinge hede that nothyng
shoulde be forgotten or vndone, but
that al thynges shoulde as he would de
haue it, wer it neuer so smal a trifle. ā
wherin Eulalia. As this. yf my good
man had a fantasye to this thinge, or
to that thyng, or yf he would haue his
meate dressed on this fashyon, or that
fashion. pan. But how coulde'st thou
fashyon thy selfe after hys wyll and
mynde, that eyther wouldē not be at
home, or elles be as fresshe as a faulte
hering. Eula. Abyde a whyle. I coude
not

not at that yet, yf my husbande lowre
ry lad at anye tyme, no tyme to speake
to hym. I laughed not nor wylled hym
as manie a woman doth, but I loked
ruefully and heavyly, for as a glasse (yf
it be a true stone) representeth euer the
physinamy of hym that lokethe in it, so
lykewyse it becommeth a wedded wo-
man alway to agre vnto the appetyte
of her husbande, that she be not merye
whē he mourneth, nor disposed to plai
whē he is sad. And if that at any time
he be waiward throwghaken, either I
pacyfye hym wyth fayre wordes, or I
let hym alone, vntyll the wynde be o-
uerblowen giuing him neuer a worde
at al, vntill the time come that I may
eyther excuse my faute, or tell hym of
hys. In lykewyse when he commethe
home wel wylled, I gyue him gen-
till and fayre wordes, so with fayre
entreatynge I gette him to bedde. Fan
tippa, O careful state of wiues, when
they muste be gladde and fayne to fo-
lowe their husbandes mindes, be they
euilsche.

slouthe, dronken, or doyng what myf-
chefe they lyste. Eula. As who sayeth
thys gentyll dealynge serueth not for
bothe partyes, for they spyte of their
berdes myste suffre many thynges in
our demeanour yet a time ther is, whe
in a weyghty matter it is lawfull that
the wyfe tell the good mā his faute, yf
that it be matter of substaunce, for at
light tryfles, it is best to play bynd vn-
der wynge, rantip. What tyme is that
Eula. When he is pale, neyther angry
penfyfe, nor ouerfen, then betwyxt you
two secretly he must be tolde his faute
gētly, or rather intreated, that in this
thynge or that he play the better hus-
bande, to loke better to thys good na-
me and fame and to his helth & this
tellinge must be myxt with mery con-
ceytes and pleasaūt wordes, many ty-
mes I make a meane to tell my tale
after this fashyon, ỳ he shall prompte
me, he shall take no displeasure with
the thynge, that I a folyshe woman
shall breake vnto hym, that perteyn-

neth

nelly eythee to dys. helthe wo, shyppe
or perell. wherin J haue sayde that J
wolde, J chop ytaine from that com
munycacyon and fall into some other
matyne, for thys is all oure fautes,
neyghboure, quod she. That wen we
begyn ones to shut oure tongues ne
uer lye, quod she. So men say. Custalial.
This was J wel ware on, that J ne
uer tell my husbande his fautes before
company, nor J neuer carried my com
playnte further than betwen the mindes is
forgeuen and all none knoweth it but
god, and there were any suche faute
that myght not be wel done nor amen
ded by twenes tellige, it is more lau
dable that the wife make complainte
vnto the parentes and kinsfolke of
her husband, then vnto her a lone, and
so to moderate her complaynte that
she seme not to hate hym but hys vice
nor let her play all the blabbe, that in
some point dauntred, he may knowe &
forse his wifes curteysy, quod she. She
had nede be a wel lerned woman, that
should

shoulde do all this. Eu. Yf thorough suche demeanoure, we shall bere our husbandes vntoldse gentylnesse. Fa. Where be some that can not be amended wyth all the gentyll handlynge in the worlde. Eula. In sayth I shrewe may, put case there be marke this well, the good man must be for bothe, how soeuer the game goeth, then is it better to haue hym alwayes at our point or elles more blinde and louing thorowe oure gentyll handlynge, then to haue hym worse and worse thorowe our curstednesse, what wyll you saye and I tell you of husbãdes that hath wone theyr wyues by suche curtelye, bothe muche more are we bounde to vse the same towarde our husbandes. Fankyn. Than shal you tell of one farre vnlyke vnto myne husband. Eula. I am aquẽted wyth a certayne gentelman well lerned and a very honest man, he maried a yonge wyfe, a mayden of xvii. yeare olde bredde and brought vp of a childe in the countre vnder her fathers and

mothers

mothers wynge (as gentlins delite to dwel in the countrey) to hunt & hawke. This young gētilman wolde haue one that were vnbroken, because he myght the sooner breake her after his owne mynde, he began to enter her in learnyng, synging, and playyng, and by lyttell and lyttell to vse here to repete such thynges as she harde at sermons, and to instruct her with other thynges that myghte haue doone her more good in tyme to come. This geare, because it was straunge vnto this young woma whiche at home was brought vp in all ydelnesse, and with the lyght communication of her fathers seruauntes, and other pastimes, began to waxe greuous & paynfull, vnto her: She wyth drewe her good mynde and dylygence, and when her husband called vpon her she put the finger in her eye, and wept, and many tymes she would fal downe on the grounde, beatyng her head agaynst the floure, as one that woulde be oute of thys worlde. When there

bys no healpe for this geare, the good man as though he hadde bene well, asked his wyfe if she would ryde into the countrey with him a spoztyng vnto her fathers house, to that she graunted anone. When they were comen thether, the gentyman left his wyfe with her mother & her systers, he went furth an hunteyng with his father in lawe, there betwene them two, he shewed all togither, howe that he hadde hoped to haue had a louyng companion to leade his lyfe withall, nowe he hath one that is alwayes blubberyng and pynyng her selfe awaye withoute any remedy, he prayeth hym to laye to hys hande in amēding his doughters fautes, her father answered that he hadde ones geuen hym his doughter, and yf that she woulde not be ruled by wooztes (a Goddes name take Staffo2de lawe) she was his awne. Then the gētylman sayd agayne, I knowe that I may do, but I had leuer haue her amēded eyther by youre good counsell or com-

commaundemente, then to come vnto that extreme wayes. Her father promised that he woulde fynde a remedye. After a day or two, he espied tyme and place where he myght be alone with his doughter. Then he loked sourely vpon his doughter, as though he hadde bene horne woode with her, he began to reherse howe fowle a beast she was, how he feared many tymes ỳ he shuld neuer haue bestowed her. And yet sayde he, muche a dooe, vnto my greate reste and charge, I haue gotten the one that myght lye by any ladies syde, and she were a Quene, and yet thou not perceyuyng what I haue dooen for the, nor knowyng that thou haste suche a man, whiche but of his goodnes myghte thynke thee to euyll to bee stoye in hys kytchen, thou contrariest al his minde, to make a short tale, he spake so sharply to her, that she feared that he would haue beaten her. It is a man of a subtyll and wylye wytte, whiche without a vysarde is readye to playe anye

maner of part. Then this young wyfe, what for feare, and for truthe of the matter, cleane stryken oute of countenaunce, fell downe at her fathers fete, delyryng hym that he wouldе forgette and forgeue her all that was paste, and euer after she would doo her duetye. Her father forgaue her, and promysed that she should fynde hym a kynde and a louyng father, if so be that she performed her promyse. Xantippa. Howe did she afterwarde Eulalya? When she was departed frō her father, she came backe into a chaumbre, and there by chaunce found her husband alone, she fel on her knees to hym and sayd. Mayster in tymes paste, I neyther knewe you nor my selfe, from this daye forwarde, ye shall se me cleane chaunged, onelye pardon that is past. with that her husbande tooke her in his armes & kyssed her, saying she shoulde lacke nothyng, yf she woulde holde her in that mynde. Xantip. Why did she contynue so? Eulalya. Euen tyll her endyng daye, nor

there

there was noone so vyle a thynge but that she wouldde laye handes on it readely with all her hearte, if her husbaunde would let her so great loue was begon and assured betweene them, and manye a day after, she thanked God that euer she met with suche a mā. For if she had not, she sayde she had bene cleane caste away. Ran. We haue as a great plenty of such husbādes, as of whyte rennes. Eulalya. Howe, but for weryng you: I couldde tell you a thyng that chaunsed a late in this same Cytie. Lautippa. I haue tyrell to doon, and I like your communication very well. Eulalya. There was a certaynie gentylman, he as such sorte of men do, vsed much huntyng in the countrey, where he happened on a young damoysell, a very poze womans chylde on whome he doted, a man well stryken in age, and for her sake he lay often out of his owne house his excuse was hūting. This was wife aueryeding honest woman, halfe deale suspecting the matter, tried out her hus-

bandes fatched on a tyme when he had taken his iourney fuerth of the towne, vnto some other wayes, she wente vnto that poore cotage and boulted oute all the hoole matter, where he laye on nyghtes, wher on the drake, what thyng thei had to welcome him with al. Thei was neyther one thyng nor other, but bare walles. This good woman retirned home, and soone after came againe bringyng with her a good soft bed, and al therto belongyng and certain plate, besydes that, she gaue them money, chargyng them that if the Gentylman came agayne, they should entreate him better, not being knowen al this whyle that she was his wyfe, but fraymed her to be his sister. Not long after, her husbande staie thether againe, he sawe the house otherwyse decked, and better fare then he was wounte to haue. He asked, frome whence commeth all thys goodlye gere? They sayde that an honeste matrone, a kynswoman of hys hadde brought it thether, and com-

maunded

maunded them that he shoulde be well cherished when so euer he came, by and by his harte gaue him that it was his wyues deede, when he came home, he demaunded of her if she hadde bene there or not, she sayde yea. Then he asked her for what purpose she sente all that houshoulde stuffe thether? Man (sayd she) ye haue bene tenderly brought vp, I perceyued that ye were but couth ye handled there, me thoughte that it was my parte, seynge it was youre wyl and pleasure to be there, ye should be better loked to. Pantippa. She was one of Goddes fooles. I woulde rather for a bedde haue layde vnder hym a bundell of nettels: or a burden of thystels. Eula. But heare the ende, her husbande perceyuyng the honeste of her greate patyence, neuer after laye from her, but made good chere at home with his owne. I am sure ye knowe Gilbert the Hollander. Pan. Very wel. Eu. He (as it is not vnknowē) maryed an old wife in his flouryshing youth. rā.

aduenture he marid the good and not the woman. Eulalya. There sayde ye wel, settyng lytel store by his old wife, hunted a tallette, with whome he kept much company abrode, he dined or supped litell at home. What wouldest thou haue sayd to that gere, rantippa. What woulde I haue sayde? I woulde haue flowē to the hores toppe and I would haue crowned myne husbande at hys oute goyng to her, with a pysshowle, that he so enbawmed might haue gone vnto his soueraine lady, Eulalia. But howe muche wysely dyd this woman the defyed that younge woman home vnto her, and made her good cheer: so by that meanes she brought home also her husbād without any witchecraft or sorcery, and if that at anye season he supped abrode with her, she woulde sende vnto them some good dayntye morsel, and byd hym make good chere. rantippa, I had leuer been slaine then I woulde be bawde vnto myne owne husbande, Eulalya. yea, but consyder

all

all thynges well, was not that muche better, then she shoulde be her shrewysshnesse haue put her husbandes mynde cleyne of from her, and so haue ledde all her lyfe in trouble and heynesse. Xantippa. I graunte you well, that it was better so but I coulde not abyde it. Eulalya. I wyll tell you a pyety story more, and so make an ende. Dne of oure neyghbores, a well dysposed and a goddes man, but that he is some what testye, on a day pomelde his wyfe well and thryftely about the pate and so good a woman as euer was borne, she pycked her into a iuner parler, and there weppynge and sobbynge, eased her heuy harte, anone after, by chaunce her husbande came into the same place, and founde hys wyfe weping. What sytest thou heare sayeth he sighing & sobbig like a child? Thē the like a wise womā said. Is it not more honesty for me to lamente my dolours here in a secrete place, thē to make wondering and an oute crye

in the strete, as other women do. At ye wyfely and womanly alaing his hart melted, promysyng her faythefully ye and truelie that he wolde neuer laye stroke on her afterwarde, nor neuer dyd. Xantip. No more wyl mine, god thanke my leife. Eulalia. But then ye are alwaies one at another, agreeinge lyke dogges and cattes. Xan. What wouldest thou that I should do? Eu. Fyrst and formest, whatsoeuer thi hus bande bothe sayde thou nothinge, for his harte must be wonne by lytel and lytel by fayre meanes, gentilnesse and forbearynge, at the last thou shalt eyther wynne hym or at the leaste waye thou shalte leade a better life the thou doest nowe. Xantippa. Ye his betonde goddes forbode, he wil neuer amende Eulalya. ye saye not soo, there is no beest so wyld but by fayre hãdling be tamed, neuer mistrust man the. I say a munethy or two, blame me and thou findeste not that my counsell bothe ease. There be some fautes with you

though

though thou se them, be wyse of thys
espeyall that thou neuer gyue hym
foule wordes in ỳ chambre, or in bed
but be sure that all thynges there be
full of pastyme and pleasure. For if
that place which is ordeyned to make
amēdes for all fautes and so to renew
loue, be polluted, eyther with stryfe or
grugynges, then fayre wel al hope of
loue dayes, or atonementes, yet there
be some beestes so waywarde and mis-
cheuous, that when theyr husbandes
hath them in theyr armes a bed, they
scolde & chyde making ỳ same pleasur
theyr lewde conditions that expelleth
all displeasures oute of theyr husband
des mynde vnpleasaunt and lytell set
by corrupting the medecine that shuld
haue cured al deely greefes, and odible
offences. Fanti. That is no newes to
me. Eula. Though the woman shulde
be wel ware and wyse that she should
neuer be disobedient vnto her husbād,
yet she ought to be most circūspect ỳt
that

that at metyng she shew her selfe redy and pleasaunt vnto hym. Xantippa. yea vnto a man. I holde well wythall but I am combred with a beest. Eula. No more of those wordes, moost commonly our husbãdes are evyll through our awne faute, but to returne agayn vnto our tale they that are fene in the olde fables of Poetes say that Venus whome they make chyefe lady of wedlocke hath a gyrdle made by the handy worke of Vulcan her husbande, and in that is thrust al that enforceth loue and wyth that she gyrdeth her when so euer she lyeth with her husbande. Xantippa. A tale of a tubbe. Eulalia. A tale it is, but herken what the tale meaneth. Xantippa. Tell me. Eulalia. That teacheth vs that the wife ought to dyspose her selfe all that she maye that lieng by her husbãd she shew hym al the pleasur that she cã. Wherby the honest loue of matrimony may reuiue and by renewed, & that there with be cleane dispatched al grudges & malice

xan.

Xant. But how shall we come by this gyrdle? Eula. We nede neyther wytchcraft nor enchauntmēt, there is non of them al, so sure as honest conditiōs accompained with good felowship. Xan I can not fauoure suche an husbande as mine is. Eula. It is moost thy profyt that he be no longer suche. If thou couldest by thy Circes craft chaunge thin husband in to an hogge, or a boze wouldest thou do it? Xantip. God knoweth. Eula. Art thou in dout? haddest thou leauer marye an hogge then a mā? Xantippa. Mary I had leauer haue a man. Eulalia. Wel, what & thou couldest by sozcerie make him of a dzōkarde a soober man, of a vnthryfte a good husbande of an ydell losell a towarde body, woldeste thou not doo it? Xantip. yes, hardely, woulde I doo it. But where shoulde I learne the conning? Eula. For soth that cōning hast thou in the yf thou wouldest vtter it, thyn must he be, mauger thy heed, the towardes þ makest hym the better it is

for

for the, thou lokest on nothing but on his leude condicions, & they make the halfe made thou wouldest amẽde him and thou puttest hym farther out of frame, loke rather on his good condicions, & so shalt thou make him better It is to late to catagayne yesterday, before thou were maryed vnto hym. It was tyme to cõsider what his fautes were, for a womã should not only take her husbande be the eyes but by the eares. Now it is more tyme to redresse fautes thẽ to fynde fautes. Xan. What woman euer toke her husbande by the eares. Eulalia. She taketh her husbande by the eyes that loketh on nothynge, but on the beautye and pulcritude of the body. She taketh hym by the eares, that harkeneth diligẽtly what the common voice sayth by him Xantip. Thy counsayl is good, but yt commeth a daie after the fayre. Eul a. yet it commeth tyme ynough to bringe thyne husbande to a greate furtherraunce to that shall be yt God sende

you any frute togyther, rantippa. We are spede al redy of that. Eulali. How longe ago. rantip. A good while ago. Eulali. How many monethes olde is it. rantip. It lacketh lytel of. viii. Eu. What a tale is this, ye reken the monethes by nyghtes and dayes double. rantippa. Not so. Eula. It can not be none otherwyse, yf ye reken from the marpage day. Rantip. yea, but what the, I spake with him before we were marryed. Eulalia. Be chyldren gotten by speakynge. rantip. It befell so that he mette me alone and began to tycke at me, and tyckled me vnder the arme holes and sides to make me laughe. I myght not away wyth tycklynge, but fell downe backewarde vpon a bed, and he a loft, neuer leuinge kyssynge on me, what he did els I can not saie, but by sainte Mary wythin a whyle after my bely beganne to swell. Eula. Go now and dispraise thine husbãde whiche yf he gette chyldren by playe, what wyl he do when he goeth to it in

good ernest. Rantip. I fere me I am
payed agayn. Eula. Good lucke God
hath sent a fruytfull grounde, a good
tilmā. rantip. In that thing he might
haue lesse labour and more thanke.
Eula. Few wyues fynde at theyr hus-
bandes in that behalfe but were it the
sure togither. ranti. yea that we were
Eula. The offence is the lesse. Is it a
man thylde. ranti. yea. Eula. He shal
make you at one so that ye wyl bowe a
forbere. What sayeth other mē by thin
husband, they that be his cōpanyons,
delite thei with him abrode. rā. They
say that he is meruelous gentill, redy
to do every man pleasure, liberall and
sure to his frende. Eula. And that put
teth me in good cōfort that he wyll be
ruled after our counsaill. rantip. But
I fynde hym not so. Eula. Order thy
selfe to hym as I haue tolde the, and
cal me nomore true sayer but a lier, yt
he be not so good vnto the as to anye
creature lyuinge Agayne cōsydre this
he is yet but a childe, I thinke he pas-

seth

seth not foure and twenty, the blacke ore neuer trode on his foote, nowe if is but lolte labourre to reken vpon any de fiorle. Xantippa. Yet many a tyme and oft I haue troubled my brayues with all. Eulalya. As for that fantalie whe so euer it commeth into your mynde, first of all counte howe naketh a thyng woman is, deuoyded from man. It is the hyghest dignitie that longeth to the wyfe to be obsequious vnto her spouse. So hath nature ordeyned, so god hath appoynted, that the woman shoulde be ruled all by the man, looke onely vpon this whiche is trouthe, thine husbande he is, an other canste thou none haue. Agayne forgette not that swete babe be gotten of both your bodies, what thinkest thou to doge with that, wylt thou take it awaye with thee? Thou shalte bereue thyne husbande his ryght, wylt thou lene it with hym? thou shalt spoyle thy selfe of thy chiefeste Jewell thou haste. Besyde all this tel me trueth hast thou none euyll wylliers? Xantippa.

I haue a stepdame, I warant you, & myne husbandes mother, euen such an other. Eulalia. Doe they hate the so deadly? Xantippa. They would see me hanged. Eulalia. Then forget not the what greatter pleasure couldest thou shewe them, then to se the deuorsed from thyne husbande and to leade a wyddowes lyfe: yea and worse then a widdowe, for wyddowes be at their choyse. Xantippa. I holde well with youre counsell, but I can not away with the paynes. Eulalia. yet reken what paynes ye take or ye could teache your parot to speake. Xantippa. Exceadynge muche. Eu. And thynke you muche to labour a litel in reformyng your husbande, with whome you may lyue merely all the dayes of your lyue? What busynes doe men put them selues to be well and easely horsed, and shall we thynke our selues to good to take paynes that we may haue our husbandes gentyll and curteyse vnto vs? Xantip. What shall I do? Eu. I haue told you

already

alredy, se that al thyng be cleane & trim. at home, that no fluttysh or vncleanlye syghtes dryue hym oute a doores. Be your selfe alwayes redy at a becke, bearyng contynually in mynde what reuerence the wiue oweth vnto her husbād. Be neyther in youre dumpes, nor alwayes on your merypynnes, go neyther to homely nor to nicely. Let youre meat be cleane dressed, you know your husbandes diet. What he loueth best ỳ dresse. Moreouer shewe your selfe louing and faire spoken vnto thē where he loueth, call them now and then vnto your table. At meate, se that al thinges be well fauoured, and make good chere. And when that he is toppe heuy, playyng on his Lute, sytte thou by, & synge to hym, so shalt thou make hym kepe home, and lessen his expences.

This shal he thinke at length, in fayth I am a founde felowe that maketh suche chere with a strumpette abroode with greate losse both of substaunce & name, seyng that I haue a wyfe at ho-

me both muche fayrer, and one that loueth me ten tymes better, with whome I may be both clenlyer receyued and dayntelier cherisshed. Xantippa. Beleuest þ that it will take place & I put it into a prose? Eulalya. Loke on me. I warrante yt or yt be longe I wyll in hande wyth thyne husbãde, and I will tell him his parte. Xantippa. yé marye that is well sayd. But be wise that he espye not our cast, he woulde playe his pages, all the house shoulde be to lytel for hym. Eulalia. Take no thoughte. I shall so conueye my matters, that he shall dysclose altogether hymself, what busynesse is betwene you, that done, I wyll handle hym prety as I thynke beste, and I truste to make hym a new man for the, and when I se my tyme I wyll make a lye for the, howe louynge thou hast spoken of hym. Xantippa. Christe spede vs and brynge our purpose well about. Eulalia. He wyll not fayle the, so thou do thy good wyll.

There

There was a man that maried a woma whiche hadde greate riches & beawtie. Howe be it she hadde suche an impediment of nature that she was domme and coulde not speake, whiche thynge made hym righte pensyfe, and sadde, wherfore vpon a daye as he walked alone righte heuye in hearte thynkynge vpon hys wyfe. There came one to hym and asked him what was the cause of his heuynesse whyche answered that it was onely because his wife was borne dome. To whome this other said I shal shewe the soone a remedie and a medicine therfore that is thus. Go take an aspen leafe and lay it vnder her tonge this nyghte (she being a sleape) and I warrante the that she shall speake on the morowe whyche man beinge glad of this medycyne prepared therfore and gathered aspen leaues, wherfore he layed thre of them vnder her tonge when she was a sleape. And on the morowe when he hym selfe awaked

desyrous to know howe hys medicine
wrought beinge in bed with her, he de
maunded of her how she did, and sod
ly she answered and sayde, I beseche
thy harte for wringe me so rarely, and
so by the vertue of that medycyne she
was restored to her speche. But in cō-
clusion her speech encreased day bi day
and she was so cursst of condycion that
euery daye she brauled and chid with
her husbande, so muche at the laste he
was more vexed and had muche more
trouble and disease with her shrewed
wordes thē he hadde before when she
was domme, wherfore as he walked
another tyme alone he happened to
mete agayne with the same persoune
that taughte hym the sayde medycyne
and sayde to hym thys wyse. Syr ye
taught me a medicin but late to make
my domme wyfe to speake, byddynge
me laie an Aspen leafe vnder her tou-
ge when she sleapte, and I layde thre
Aspen leaues there. Wherfore nowe
she speakethe But yet she speakethe so

much

much & so shrewdlie that I am more weryer of her, nowe then I was whē she was dōme: Wherfore I praye you teache me a medycyne to modyfye her that she speake not so muche. This otheranswered and sayde thus. Syr I am a deuil of hel, but I am one of thē that haue least power there. All be yet I haue power to make a woman to speake, but and yf a woman begyne ones to speake, I nor al the deuyls in hel that haue the mooste power be not able to make a woman to be styll, nor to cause her to leaue her speakyng.

¶ The ende of this pleasaūt dialogue declaring the seueral properties of the two contrarye dysposycyons of the wyues afore sayd.

¶ Imprynted at London, in Paules Churche yarde at the sygne of the Lambe by Abraham Vele.